Tell Me.....

Tell me something.

Tell me your desire.

Is it to be made love to?

Do you want to be slowly undressed before flickering candlelight? Strong fingers moving with deft assuredness over the buttons of your dress, the clasp of your brassiere. Lain naked across a silken counterpane strewn with fresh petals, the scents of sandalwood and champagne mingling in your senses. Your body oiled and softly stroked from head to toe, every inch of your skin showered in warm kisses. Your breasts caressed, your nipples coaxed until they're full and ripe.

Your trembling thighs eased apart so that a delicate tongue can tease the lips of your womanhood, bringing your passion to flower until you're shivering with delight, until the ache to be filled can no longer be suppressed. Joined in nakedness, opened and entered by rampant male desire, long, flowing thrusts that stoke your own lusts, carrying you along a parabola of pleasure, until your cries of fulfillment obliterate mine, until you feel my lust spill into the very centre of you.
Is that what you want?

Or would you prefer to be fucked?

Do you want to be lost in a fury of passion, to be swept away by a tumultuous sea of need and flesh? Frantic fingers pulling at your clothes, wrenching them apart to expose the gleaming nakedness beneath. Firm hands cupping your breasts, pressing against your bullet-hard nipples. A frenzied mouth locked against yours, lips searing, tongues dancing. Powerful hands forcing your skirt up your thighs, seizing the waistband of your flimsy panties and shredding them, tearing them apart, ripping the sodden cotton from your body, leaving you wet and gaping and vulnerable. The sound of a belt undone, a zipper dragged downward; the thrill of a hard cock, pressing insistently against your leg, finding its way between your thighs, thrusting desperately inside your soaking cunt, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting, hard, fast cock, mercilessly taking its pleasure with you, fucking you into ecstasy, just as you want it to, as you need it to. Heavy, come-laden balls bouncing against the cheeks of your arse, until my body stiffens against yours, and you feel my shaft throbbing and pulsing inside you, my come flooding your most intimate flesh, even as your own orgasm explodes.
Is that what you want?

Or would you prefer to be teased?

Do you want to be helpless? Lashed down, silk scarves wound tightly about your wrists and your ankles, binding you to the four corners of the bed. A scalpel-sharp knife, glinting in the half-light, slicing through the straps of your bra, the waistband of your panties. The hand that strips away the remnants of your lingerie, leaving you bound and naked and utterly helpless. Feathers and raw silk drawn lightly across your trembling body.

A tongue to dampen your skin, and then soft breath to cool it. The cold tip of a brushed steel vibrator circling your erect nipples, drawing invisible lines across your belly, down the insides of your trembling thighs, over the inflamed lips of your sex, nudging its way between your labia, glancing across your swollen clitoris, slowly, slowly, teasing you towards delicious completion … and then withdrawing a microsecond before you're about to erupt. And then starting over. And then again. And again. And again. And just when you think you can't take any more teasing, when every nerve ending in your body is begging, screaming for fulfillment, the tip of the vibrator is replaced by the tip of my cock, as I circle your clitoris and smear my precum across your cunt, and then slowly ease my way inside you, fucking you with such exquisite precision, such devilish longevity, that when you finally feel my hot seed splashing against your womb, the power of that solitary orgasm actually renders you insentient.
Is that what you want?

Or would you prefer to be punished?

Do you want to be disciplined? On your knees, wrists bound together against the small of your back, your naked ass high in the air, waiting, waiting, waiting. The first kiss of the flogger, feather light, scarcely brushing against your ripe buttocks, then gradually harder, the sting of your nerves coinciding with the delicious thwack of soft leather against flesh.

The warm glow in your cheeks becoming a fire as the strokes become harder, and harder, and faster, and faster. Your cunt gaping every more wantonly, the flesh within the color of conch, and almost as wet, the scent of your own desire filling your senses, pervading every corner of the darkened room as your body cries out "STOP" and "MORE" with every stroke. And then the shift in the bed as I take my place behind you, as my cock slides so easily inside your oiled sex, and now its my hand instead of the flogger that rains down against your flesh, my cock spearing you cruelly, savagely, my balls heavy against your clitoris, my palm exploding the nerves of your ass, obliterating them, the pain and the pleasure blending within your mind, your body, your soul, indivisible, and then the wrenching sensation of loss as I withdraw, stroking myself until I spurt across the cheeks of your backside, and then massage my creamy seed into your hot, stinging flesh.
Is that what you want?

Or would you prefer to be a cock whore?

Do you want to be overwhelmed? Lying on the bed, blindfolded, naked. Waiting. Listening for every sound, every creak of a floorboard, every step taken towards you. The unmistakable noises of people disrobing around you, more than just a couple. How many? Half a dozen? And then the hands, so many hands, on your arms, your legs, your belly, your breasts, your thighs, your cunt. Fingertips drawing a million random intersections across your skin.

Your breasts cupped, your nipples gently drawn on and squeezed, your inner thighs stroked, your cunt explored, inside and out. And then the lips, so many lips, pressed against your mouth, your neck, your shoulders, your breasts, your nipples, your belly, your hips, your feet, your calves, your knees, your thighs. And then the tongues, so many tongues, running over every inch of your body, lapping against your breasts, your nipples, your inner thighs, your labia, your clitoris. And then the cocks, so many cocks, each of them hard and thick and long, all for you, pressing themselves against your nakedness, finding their way into your grasping hands, your mouth, your cunt, your ass, filling you in every conceivable way, filling you as you've never been filled before, fucking you to a dozen orgasms, two dozen, three, satisfying your every dark desire, your hunger to take and be taken, to fuck and be fucked. And when all of us are finished with you, when each of us is finally spent, you'll never be sure whether it's my come that coats your palms, or your breasts, or the cheeks of your arse, or if it's running down from the corners of your mouth, or if it's oozing from your cunt, or from your ass.

So what do you want?

Truth is, you can have anything. Anything that's written here, anything that's not.

You can have it all.

All you have to do is tell me.

Tell me your desire